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NOTES ON

THE CLASS STRUGGLE

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- No. 1. **An Exposition of Socialism and Collectivism.** By a Churchman. 48 pages (25th thousand.) March, 1902.
- No. 2. **The Next Step: A Benevolent Feudalism.** By W. J. Ghent. 32 pages. (Out of print.) May, 1902.*
- No. 3. **Bulletin of the Collectivist Society.** 32 pages. January, 1903.
- No. 4. **The Socialism of Jesus.** By Discipulus. 40 pages. March, 1903.
- No. 5. **Notes on the Class Struggle.** By Peter E. Burrowes and others. 48 pages. July, 1904.

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NOTES ON

The Class Struggle

BY
PETER E. BURROWES
AND OTHERS

With a Report of the Annual Meeting
of the Collectivist Society

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NOTES ON The Class Struggle.

The Alignment.

BY DISCIPULUS.

I.

Is there one impelling force back of all the wars and political struggles of mankind—one main cause below all the confusion of surface causes? Students of history in the large are asking themselves this question, and many of them are coming to answer it in the affirmative and to find this all-impelling force to be economic necessity working upon men in masses.

Take, for example, our own Civil War; many different motives influenced many individuals North and South. Some at the North were driven by the passion for national unity (one form of the tribal instinct), and some at the South by State patriotism (also a form of tribal instinct). Some at the North acted from hatred of slavery, some at the South from belief in slavery; some at the North from high philanthropy, some at the South from devotion

to home. All these motives were apparent, were flaunted with the flaunting flags, proclaimed in speech and sermon, editorial and song. But in cold fact we shall not be far from right if we say that the Civil War was the inevitable clash between two clans of farmers, the Northern and the Southern, backed by auxiliary interests, each clan needing and each determined to have the as yet untilled prairies of the West, and each forced to demand *exclusive* possession of them for one labor system as against the other, because the free labor system of farming and the slave labor system could not exist side by side.

In like manner we may find many motives today in the struggle which is now in its early stages—the struggle for and against socialism. In favor of socialism the sense of social justice works in many minds; in others, the sense of order, outraged by present chaotic methods of distribution; in others, the passion for democracy; in yet others, the devotion to humanity. Against socialism some sincere minds are rallied by the sense of the sacredness of property; others, by a fastidious dread of the coarsening of life which they fancy socialism will bring; others, by the fear lest civilization should break down under industrial democracy.

All these are motives for and against socialism, and they are motives which proclaim themselves from the housetops. But again, in

cold fact, we shall not be far wrong if we say that the issue would never be joined, and therefore the revolution would never come, if these were the only counters at stake. The one thing that makes the dawning struggle an "irrepressible conflict," which must deepen and widen and intensify until the political crash comes and the final event arrives, is *the inherent antagonism of class interests between the workers and the money-makers.*

The interpretation above presented of the many movements of mankind is called "the economic interpretation of history," a doctrine which, though put forth by Karl Marx and held by all militant socialists, is also coming to be held by most scholars whose minds are reaching toward new truth, even those who remain non-socialists or anti-socialists.* The latter deny that socialism is a corollary of the doctrine, though some of them admit that a class struggle for and against socialism is such a corollary.

The doctrine may be stated thus: That men think and feel and act in masses; that those men who make their incomes in like ways tend to think and feel alike—they tend to be in favor of those things which they feel will increase

* There are two recent books which are especially to be recommended for wide reading. One is Prof. E. R. A. Seligman's "The Economic Interpretation of History" and the other Prof. A. Labriola's "Essays on the Materialist Conception of History."

their incomes and against those things which they feel will decrease their incomes. This tendency operates unconsciously quite as often as consciously; and the bonds of this kind which tie men together are, in the large, much the strongest kind of bonds which exist, and they have the most to do with driving men to concerted action.

The best proof of the doctrine in its application to the socialist cause is that of all the various efforts to create socialist movements only one has succeeded, that one which made its appeal to the workers directly, with the watchword, "Workers of the world, unite!"

Having stated that the antagonism of class interests is inevitably aligning the workers on one side and the money-makers on the other side, we must go on to specify precisely what these two terms mean. By the "workers" we mean all those who are busy upon one kind of material or another, turning it into things which can be used; such as the farmers, busy upon the ground, bringing crops out of it; the mechanics, turning metal or stone or wood into tools, houses or the like; the teachers and preachers, busy upon human minds, making them more useful to themselves and others; the musicians, busy upon the air, turning it into vibrations which are of use to the listeners; all these, and others like them, are workers.

The "money-makers" we define as all those who are busy upon other men, turning a profit out of them for themselves; buying as cheaply as possible and selling as dear as possible; trafficking in labor, which means the strength and life of the workers; trafficking in money, which means the labor of the future—that is to say, the strength and life of the workers who are to be.

Let us anticipate a misapprehension by saying that some money-makers are also workers, these being the men who organize and direct the processes of production and thus increase efficiency. But that is not the primary care, even of these; even they are first of all and always bargainers; and the instant profit ceases they drop the function of directors of industry. They do not belong to the working class.

The chasm between the workers and the money-makers, as such, is complete in the nature of things. These classes are mathematical opposites, like plus and minus. The worker is by inherent tendency an adder to the stock of human supplies, the money-maker by inherent tendency a subtractor. This essential antagonism persists in all historic times, unconsciously or half consciously. It turns into a determined and planned struggle—the class struggle—as soon as the under dog realizes that he *is* in a fight. The realizing of the workers that there is a struggle on, and that they are in

it whether they will or no, is called "coming to class consciousness," and to rouse this class consciousness is the effort of militant socialism. On the other hand the money-makers and their efficient (though often unconscious) allies among the intellectual workers cry down the class struggle. "Let us all be friends," they say, "the interests of capital and labor are one." They are like certain false prophets of old, whose cry was "Peace, peace," when there was no peace.

It must not be supposed that we mean to say that the class struggle is merely a struggle for class advantage—the effort of mere strength on each side to seize what it can by the law of the mightier. Human nature is not so brutal as that; the element of conscience is always and everywhere present on both sides. Each side has its class conscience, that conscience which its mode of being busy has naturally produced. For Nature takes care that we shall all keep our self respect; and by whatever means a class makes its income that means is pronounced right by the class mind, and sincerely so.

The money-maker conscience is well rendered in a quotation from Herbert Spencer (used by Lawrence Gronlund in his wholesome little book, "Our Destiny"): "*A society is conceivable of men leading inoffensive lives, scrupulously fulfilling their contracts, who yet yield*

to each other no advantages beyond those agreed upon." This is the ideal of the individualist conscience.

The worker conscience is well expressed in the motto of trade unionism: "*The injury of one is the concern of all.*" It is the social conscience, and it culminates in socialism. Only one section of the workers—the manual wage-workers, the proletariat—are as yet to any extent developing this worker conscience; nevertheless, a glimmering of it is entering the minds of the farmers and of the intellectual proletariat. Receptiveness to the social conscience is also developing from quite another source—the religious spirit—which, heretofore content with the field of soul life, is now beginning to insist that the processes of production and distribution are also its concern. Hence the keen interest felt by so many ministers in the social question, and their craving to find and take the right position in regard to it. And this awakened religious spirit is destined to be a potent ally to the workers' class array, even as patriotism was a potent ally to land hunger in the Civil War.

II.

Let us restate the facts of the class struggle in other terms.

In every period of history the dominant form of economic organization, the prevailing

method of carrying on production and distribution, dictates the workings of man's other institutions, political, social and religious, and ultimately, in the main, determines their form.

At the present time the dominant form of economic organization is corporational capitalism—the system by which industry is directed solely for the profit of those who own the corporations, and the land, machinery and other means of production belong to the corporations, and the workers can obtain a livelihood only by serving the corporations for wages. This system divides the people into two classes, with opposing interests and ideas of right; on the one side the capitalist class, with its servants and professional retainers, and on the other side the proletariat.

The system of corporational capitalism does not as yet cover the entire field of industry; farming and many retail trades are still carried on under the system which preceded it—i. e., the direction and prosecution of industry by independent individual traders and producers. Those of the people who are still living under the old economic régime do not fall into the twofold classification already indicated; they constitute a middle class, or rather two middle classes—the farmer class and the small trader class. The natural tendency of the farmer class is toward the proletariat; the natural tendency

of the small trader class is toward the capitalist class.

In the domain of ideas, therefore, the people are divided into two masses, facing each other—the capitalists and traders and their retainers facing the producers. With the latter naturally belong men of all those useful occupations which, while not directly productive, promote production and the general welfare, such as educators, writers, artists, physicians and the like.

The opposition of these two masses lies both in their opposite interests and in their opposite instinctive standards of right and wrong, these opposing standards resulting naturally from the differing ways of making a living. The money devotees hold one supreme ethic—that of the free contract—believing that it is right for an individual to make any agreement which he can induce another to enter into, and that it is right, by such means, to “make money” without having rendered any socially useful service. The mass of producers and their allies, on the other hand, feel the supremacy of the moral law of united usefulness of all and fair recompense to all—this conviction emerging gradually in their minds as a natural result of their way of making a living. Not that they are as yet clearly conscious of this moral law of economic solidarity, but that every day brings it more and more into consciousness, and that thus they are

becoming the social-minded mass. The social consciousness is most developed in organized labor, but is also coming to life in the minds of the farmers, and here and there in the minds of men in the useful intellectual occupations.

And thus the alignment is forming itself on both sides—the money-makers and the workers facing each other—on the ground both of opposite interests and of opposite convictions; and the conflict, unavoidable as it is, is becoming political as well as economic—which also had to be, in a democracy.

The Workers.

BY JAMES EMMOTT.

The sun pours fiercely on the roof of glass;
Swift wheels are whirling in the evil air;
A band of pallid workers labor there
This summer day, and slow the moments pass.
Far leagues away are fields of cool, deep grass,
Green forest depths, the squirrel's inmost lair;
Beyond, the burly ocean, fresh and fair,
Rides in wild triumph on the shore's grim
mass.

Here is dear Nature's universal shrine,
But yon poor toilers—women, children, men—
Can never meet her gracious, holy glance:
Blest by the Sabbath's tranquil rest divine,
Slowly drags on the laboring year—and then?
Tired eyes gaze o'er another year's expanse.

The Better Interest and the Better Way.*

BY PETER E. BURROWES.

By far the greatest calamity that can remain among men is the calamity of a divided interest. And, therefore, by far the highest employment of human thought is that which seeks to end it; and, therefore, again, no deeds are so immensely effective as those directed against capitalism, no cause so morally and scientifically sure as the cause of socialism, no thought so fundamentally free, fair and fruitful as the collectivist thought.

How astonishingly satisfying and splendid are the revelations of this all-over new thought, whose borders we are only touching today! What a revolution in literature, art, science and the perception of common life will follow the revolution of emancipated labor! All these will no longer be, as today, so many tortured adjustments to the private man's property; they will be the face of man beautified and fearless.

But the calamity of a divided interest is now

* Condensed from the address, "The Calamity of a Divided Interest," delivered before the first anniversary meeting of the Collectivist Society, New York City, January 14, 1904.

here, and we are here to think of how, from now on, we may learn to do away with it, and so get ready for that undivided workmanship of the race which we call the industrial commonwealth.

First appeared a divergence of interest, then an opposition, then a conflict, then a consciousness of that conflict; and after this consciousness, or awareness, of the conflict, which we call class consciousness, shall appear its successor, the classless commonwealth of the world's workers.

During the present conflict of the classes three human factors appear upon the field—the capitalists, the proletariat and the men of conscience. All these have acquired the habit of the ballot box, and it is by this habit they are about to settle our unhappy conflict of interests, which can never be present in a true society. We are about to extend, not to seize, the state; we want it as a democracy of all.

The dynamic elements of this war are the class consciousness of the contestants, the awareness of their respective interests and dangers, the developed ability to understand public events, that is, the movements of each other, in the light of our respective interests only—or what we might call a fighting intelligence. Class consciousness is, therefore, but another name for intelligent modern politics.

In the case of capitalism the intensification

of self-interested class politics, and its success, can only mean the increased calamity of class dominion and, alas, with no resistance permitted to temper it. In the case of the laborers the growth of class consciousness in politics and the success of their party awareness, however it may feel now, means a widening of human fellowship and the end of classes. Private appropriation or the capitalist self interest can extend only at the cost of general privation everywhere outside the class of privateers, because privateering bears no commission for the welfare of the whole; whereas, labor's solidarity means the union of many peoples now weakened and divided. In the cause of labor we have all the vital nerves and muscles which hold the race together; for the race is fundamentally a worker and cannot flourish as a whole by such a device as making profit out of itself.

While the attributes of profit appropriation are concealment, separation and the lonely life, those of successful labor are frankness, a knowledge of what is doing and to be done over gradually extending circles of life until the world's whole work is included in our own horizon and its whole fellowship established on every job of work. The one is a world-dividing class interest, the other a world-uniting class interest. One feeds the moral cravings on chance friendships and private loves, the

other upon the inevitable, because necessary, comradeship of all peoples. One offers an accidental, emotional fitfulness as its contribution to the common spiritual welfare; the other is the law of that welfare itself, comradeship and order which know and need no other love than equality and justice.

Like true religion, socialism manifests itself not only as a problem of things outside but as a difficulty with one's self; it is a struggle at the deepest sources of every life for obtaining and sustaining rightness of vision, for regulating wayward property wills and unruly property emotions, to bring them within the requirements of the common life. A man may for years have intellectually consented to the doctrines of socialism and yet he may only partially realize the moral magnificence of the revolution in which he has participated.

Collectivism never ceases to be a combat of reconciliation between one's self and the outside; it is only by painful experience that one learns to reason with the other mind; but capitalism has no such blood baptism to be baptized with.

As the sun across the arc of many nations at work streams its wholeness upon all, so does collectivism stream upon each, not offering, not giving, less than all to any.

The new mind calls the full collectivist philosophy to the study of each industrial and

property question of the time and city; and socialism, with the light of the world, goes into politics. Do we know how to do it? you ask. No, but we know how to try, which is far better.

Man is a seeker always for some better way. The old cannibal found a better way of disposing of his human captive than eating him, and slavery came in. Just because the old cannibal could get more meals out of a man working for him than out of a man roasted, he discovered slavery. Later on the cannibal, now converted to a slave owner, found a better way than either. Slaves necessarily held together were growing too human for mastery. To retain them in slavery it became the better way to give them some freedom, so they were feudally set free. The feudalistic principle of extending liberty enough to the unfree to keep them more securely in slavery has been developed by capitalism to its utmost limit, just to the point where it is about to break. And in this critically interesting period it is our lot to live.

While everything profitable developed, how hath fared the mind? Sadly, sadly, my brothers. Self interest, when it is opposed to the interests of all the others, which it ought not to be, sadly ruins the mind. How pitiful is the blindness with which a modern middle-class man living in New York today does not see the existence

and struggle of two economically hostile classes! It does not astonish him, and he never seriously inquires why any persons should be without duties to perform, why without proper food, why the secure and comfortable existence of any man should cease to be the concern of all society. Were not the moral mind of the middle class blighted by the social heresies of individualism, had not the ravenous lie of "*laissez faire*" eaten the humanity out of our souls, we might have been a century of great thinkers.

Twenty-five thousand dinnerless men fed by chance on Christmas Day! Oh, sinners, mayors and aldermen, senators and congressmen, presidents, for shame! Perhaps you are happy to know that these free diners constitute your grand heroic army of unorganized scabs. Perhaps you are gratified to behold what a vast multitude is this, your reserve army of the unemployed,—what a power you hold behind you in your slums wherewith to starve into submission your economic rivals, the organizations of labor.

• Nothing but a blight of selfish blindness can account for the perversity with which money denies the existence of classes in America. Given a society consisting of people who may or may not be employed, but who if not employed must die, and other people who alone have the power of employing them, and yet

who are allowed not to exercise that power if they do not want to and who may consult no other law than their own interest in the use or abuse of that sacred power of employment—no one but the man of property brain and seared conscience can fail to see the fatal workings of such an alien interest. And if it should turn out that employers find their interest to be best conserved by not employing or by employing the least number of the other persons, or by starving, deceiving and demoralizing them—a most abominable interest—how long, think you, will it be before the other imperiled people discover the entire divergence of these two interests? Now, when they make that discovery, what has happened? They have become class conscious.

We are living on a philosophy of assault and defense, living by disguised combat on the affluence and needs of each other—a pitiless philosophy, a pitiless way to live. In the midst of innumerable rivalries, however, the better-way mind has found collectivism. In combination, which recommended itself by its great and rapid successes for securing the interests of all those resorting to it, man began to hear the whisper that in it a little deeper lay the secret of all true success. But combination for self interest alone must work out its deadly insufficiency first, before the spiritual harvest comes and the joy of life full of beauty and

great confidence. All the private misuses of co-operation under capitalism cannot conceal the fact that collectivism is not only the best way to the best life but that it is itself that best life in a world which is to be filled with men moving and doing and thinking.

Population has numerically overcome individualism, and calls for harmony and socialism. Men have hitherto met each other only to fall into the relations of obeying or commanding. Between these points there might be the relations of friendship, fellowship or love; and it was a consummation devoutly to be wished for. There might be, but such examples must be short lived and rare. Industrial and property struggle were everywhere forcing men into larger manhoods; and the formation, by direction and indirection, of larger personalities, became the fateful law of the great crime of property versus life, and everywhere men of both sides were forced from themselves into their associations, and these again into ever expanding larger associations until the inevitable largest was reached—the two classes of organized slaves and masters.

Had not private property deluged the world with blood, if it could have only kept the peace, the larger man might never have been discovered. But in finding our best way out of our own several evils we have revealed the way into the permanent life of man. I wish the

leisure class, which has enjoyed the best culture and richest experience of the race, could first have been forced into spiritual co-operation. I had rather have been led by the learning of the world into the untrodden post-revolutionary days than by the bitter experience of its ignorant and resentful workers. But the strong men of history never combined truly with their slaves while they could control them alone, whereas weak men must, in the nature of the case, all hang together or be separately hanged. And as by far the great majority of mankind have always consisted of the weaklings, it is the mission of the oppressed to get strength by numbers and to lead us into socialism.

We would like to be led by the good and loving, by character only, but the personal affections become unstable as the economic conditions of the personal life are shaken, so you see there is no use of calling upon people indiscriminately to love one another at present, or even to speak and act as if they loved one another, for how can they love while swinging by the teeth from perilous competition? Some bond of union, not fitful, not outside our conditions, must be found in something that is daily and common to all; and that something is the work of the world, that which always was and everywhere must be done.

"Comrades in work," this is the prevailing and will be the final relation of men. Not

knowers of what is, or of what is to be, but knowers of what to do, shall henceforth be the best knowers of the world, and the name of this knowledge is co-operation, which has its roots in the experience and interest of the working class.

The class consciousness of socialist workmen is a sense of grand solidarity of interests between the necessary men of all nations; and this class consciousness, narrow, perhaps, now, becomes the foundation for the reconstruction of society. No other is so ample, no other so true to the facts and requirements of all human life, no other so suggestive for that world of one nation which is the goal of socialism.

With the reception of every collectivist impression upon the mind we are being drawn into race consciousness. And this is at least one ethical side of capitalism, that in work, the most fundamental and continuous of man's experiences, we are receiving with every operation of the traders and manufacturers the collectivist impression. I believe that minds so impressed become gradually subjectivized to the action of the whole social soul of man; and this bigger consciousness of ego is itself a contributor to our ever growing social common soul. The little i and the big social I are alternately giving to and being recipient of each other. This is a life which is growing

too big to be motivated much longer by the private aims of capitalism.

Thus it became the mission of unruly greed to force its victims into the great class solidarity of the world's laborers; thus it has become the mission of labor, however unconsciously performed, to reveal to all men the great humanity; thus by the inveterate class conflict inherent in a system based upon the forced sale of labor at robbers' prices (the sale itself justified by the mock freedom of the laborer), this last and most ingenious form of slavery is hastening to its close and mankind approaches his happiness, which always should have been spelt Equality.

To you men, wherever you are, who, having nothing material to gain and perhaps something temporary to lose by any revolutionary change in the present system of society, but who are approaching socialism, there is due a great moral congratulation. You have not bowed the knee to Baal, you stand for the unsullied mind which, in all ages, through the night and tempests of wrong, has kept for us, trimmed and shining, the good light of equity. To you wise men of leisure, who are joining and voting for socialism, you to whom altruism alone is possible, the leisureless men will feel their longest and deepest debt. To you, occasional minds, blessed with a vision nobler than your environment, there falls the high

ability of thinking against your own passing interests for the welfare of the uttermost and downmost man. You are sharing in that work which in our best religious moods we have been attributing to our best gods, in the upliftings of equality.

The People.

BY TOMMASO (GIOVANNI DOMENICO) CAMPANELLA.
(1568—?)

[This remarkable sonnet, written 300 years ago by the Italian reformer, the author of the utopian work, "The City of the Sun," has never received the attention it deserves. It is a passionate lament for the blindness, the apathy, the lack of class consciousness among the workers, "whose own is all things between earth and heaven," but who, generation after generation, permit themselves to be cruelly exploited by their industrial and political masters. The translation is by John Addington Symonds.]

The people is a beast of muddy brain
That knows not its own force, and therefore stands
Loaded with wood and stone; the powerless hands
Of a mere child guide it with bit and rein;
One kick would be enough to break the chain;
But the beast fears, and what the child demands
It does, nor its own terror understands,
Confused and stupefied by bugbears vain.
Most wonderful! With its own hand it ties
And gags itself—gives itself death and war
For pence doled out by kings from its own store.
Its own are all things between earth and heaven;
But this it knows not; and if one arise
To tell this truth, it kills him unforgiven.

The Second Coming.

BY PETER E. BURROWES.

Mankind's ancient and resolute pursuit of the truth has at last borne the fruit of "due season." We now know that the gospel of organization is the answer of God's history to this long pilgrimage of blood and tears. And now, also, we know why it has been so difficult for us to find this pearl.

We broke the spine of universal thought near to the skull, and the maimed brains above the fracture we called God and man; and all the paralyzed remainder we called nature.

Well might the universe mourn, saying, "I have nourished and brought forth children, but they have rebelled against me," for her one thought, the flower of her energy, that for which she had ever been in sacred travail, was despised and found no place to live on the earth. The lords of the world had no better occupation for it than to form trusts and armies, to feed the foreign markets and the swinish life of individualism, to fatten everything into vileness for a trader's profit.

Yet, oh, my soul! you saw, but never knew, that, all through the centuries, this one energy of God's manhood, most instructively, had

spread itself before you. In the serene and infinite splendor of the heavens, in the organic life around you, and in the national examples of our race's own achievements, everything evangelized to me the gospel of organization.

The orderly and sure return of the seasons, the fateful far-looking march of events containing us, and which men so earnestly desired to control, but so hopelessly lost all grip upon, reminded mankind, ever and again, that he did not know his world. The breath of life which had been given into every mind had only dispersed itself into a madness to learn everything but this—everything but what breath was given for.

Philosophy roamed up and down the world, crazed with its ego-ridden conceits, proving only that a separate wisdom of the mind was impossible of attainment for the masses of persons, since they, who alone were equipped to follow, could only drive it further by pursuing, and, therefore, concluding that man's sole refuge was in blank obedience. Thus they betrayed thee, oh, my soul! and then they went forth, like Judas of old, in despair, and hanged themselves—with their own rope of pessimism they hanged themselves. Those thirty spots upon their eyes, which shut out truth from them, brought in that rope; those thirty pieces of money, with compound interest, have blinded out from unfortunate mankind everywhere,

through their eyes, the gospel of organization—the fellowship of all created things with us men, in living out a universal life with all things, the identity of man's morality with the movements of the stars—the truth that that which keeps the stars from falling is the same which holds a state together and a labor organization.

Now I know that I am no longer a spectator of, nor a meditator upon, the things and thinking of the world, now I know that the stars are thinking too, and I am thinking the same thought; and all these autumn humming insects, with their throbbing concert of life, here in the fields and in the woods, and here by my window lattice, are all thinking out, together with me and all existing things, the gospel of organization.

Oh! let me hear it with thee, my greatest soul, my race's thought, heart of my world, head of my universe; let me hear it told out by us together; let me live it as a labor organizer, as a preacher of collective righteousness!

No longer objective am I to any life; no longer subjective to any life. There are no more things I write about, afar off, I only am thinking with thee, oh, comrade! man or thing, nearest and away.

We are hearing and heard, in the falling of the great waters, in the fearful thunder, as in

the songs of the birds and the humming of these insects. Also I hear thee, in the murmuring discontent of those two wronged men on the roadside because they toiled all day and got nothing; in the voice of the agitator, in the applause of the hearers and in the furtive whispers of that board of commercial Mafia, come together in a respectable bank parlor to assassinate the world's Messiah, organization. Oh! how diligently and profitably they have learned nothing but how to prevent their fellow creatures from breathing anything but the atmosphere of defeat and ignorance! With what a panoply of gilt-edged books have they taught poor humanity everything but that which is truth for rich and poor, and for which man alone lives: to learn and to do—organization. Enveloped in it, breathing it, carried on it, fed and clothed by it, how is it they see everything else but this, the greatest thing in the world?

Such has been the perversity of the human mind, with a circlet of gold upon its brow; such has been the bitter loss of poor humanity, with its crown of thorns.

Now that the truth is rising on thee, oh, good today! there will be no long twilight. Burst it will, and that right swiftly on the race; through a cloudless sky it will become gloriously, aye, mercilessly, lightful, down upon the spiders of the private life, and upon all the skulking broods of predatory profit.

Organization, the soul of the race, so long wounded and made near lifeless by the sword of property, begins to breathe.

And where do you think, oh! little bird, and where do you think, oh! little flower, the eyes of it are opening?

You will say, "Surely in the seats of learning"; but I say nay.

You will then say, "It is breathing in the trust." Nay, that is but a frosty breath which kills it: a little bit like it, perhaps, but quite another thing.

"Oh, then," you cry, "I know where its eyes are opening, in the churches." Alas! and alas! they will be the very last to let it see.

"Where, then?" you cry; and I answer you: "Among those editorially bedevilled, horrible wretches who are raising our coal to \$10 a ton rather than let us break up their unions; those dogged men denounced by the parasites of despotism, who, surrounded by troops, harassed by judges, and reviled by scribes and pharisees, are yielding up even the very last beat of their loyal hearts to the cause of organization."

The greatest thing in the world is such a rude paradox; that, turning from so many golden cradles which it might enter, in so many palaces all the world over, to be born into governments, it shall open its eyes in this manger.

In this second coming it finds a far meaner

hostelry than that of Bethlehem, and there are no gifts of gold or frankincense or myrrh or any other honor brought to it by kings or great strangers.

The miner's shanty is a much lowlier spot than any that could be found in Nazareth. And there today is nursed and guarded the germ of civilization. No part of the story of Messiah's first birth is repeated in this second coming, save that Herod is diligently seeking the young child's life, because this young child is democracy organized—the industrial people's commonwealth.

Who are to be his first disciples? You who now believe in competition, you who are strenuous men; if ever you pulled yourselves together and cast the things off that so easily beset you; if ever you earnestly ran for a shining mark, a high prize, get yourselves quickly into the trades unions, and get yourselves into socialism, with broken and contrite hearts, for there the new Christ of organization will gather his disciples.

Our First Anniversary Meeting.*

The Collectivist Society of New York is the outgrowth of a group of three men who associated for propaganda work in the spring of 1902. The first pamphlet published was "An Exposition of Socialism and Collectivism," by a Churchman, of which 25,000 copies were issued. It was determined to attack the ministerial profession first, and accordingly 10,000 copies were sent to ministers in various parts of the country. Many responses were received, of which the vast majority were favorable. From these responses a commendatory circular regarding the pamphlet was prepared and widely distributed. This resulted in many hundreds of requests for the pamphlet.

In May of the same year Mr. Ghent's *Independent* article, "The Next Step: A Benevolent Feudalism," was republished as a pamphlet, and some 3,000 copies were issued. These were distributed generally among social reformers.

Toward the end of the year the group decided to form a general organization. Invita-

* Reprinted from *The Commons*, Chicago, March, 1904.

tions to join were sent to a number of persons who had shown interest in the work, and in the Bulletin—the third pamphlet—issued in January, 1903, this invitation was made general.

On March 6, 1903, the society was formally organized, and an executive committee was elected, consisting of Willis J. Abbot, of Battle Creek, Mich.; Mrs. Corinne S. Brown, Chicago; Peter E. Burrowes, Brooklyn; Rev. Charles P. Connolly, Hiawatha, Kan.; W. J. Ghent, New York; Rev. Lawrence R. Howard, Plainfield, N. J.; Rev. Owen R. Lovejoy, Mount Vernon, N. Y.; J. G. Phelps Stokes, New York; George H. Strobell, Newark, N. J.; James M. Trimble, Montclair, N. J.; Rufus W. Weeks, Tarrytown, N. Y.; Henry White, New York; Rev. Leighton Williams, New York.

PURPOSE OF THE SOCIETY.

The purpose of the society is to disseminate a knowledge of socialism and of cognate subjects among persons not usually reached by other socialist propaganda. The society is non-partisan, no requirement being made of membership in either socialist party. The "confession of faith," the acceptance of which is a requisite of membership, is sufficiently broad to include socialists of many kinds. The committee on publication, however, is committed to the main orthodox tenet of scientific socialism—the economic interpretation of his-

tory, with its corollary of the class struggle. The members of this committee are convinced that the bodily needs of the workers are the underlying force driving mankind toward the new status; but they hold also, as Marx and Engels held, that the force of ideals is a powerful factor in the social process; and it is therefore to the arousing of ideals among the middle class rather than the awakening of class consciousness among the workers that the publications of the society are directed.

ANNUAL MEETING AND DINNER.

The society held its second annual meeting and first dinner at Peck's restaurant, New York City, January 14, 1904. Thirty-six persons were present. Among the guests of the society were Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Joseph R. Buchanan, author of "The Story of a Labor Agitator"; Mr. and Mrs. Eltweed Pomeroy, Darwin J. Meserole, Rev. William H. Barnes and J. A. Edgerton. J. G. Phelps Stokes presided during the first part of the meeting. On his retirement the chair was taken by Rev. Owen R. Lovejoy.

Mr. Ghent, acting for the secretary, read a number of letters of regret. Among those received were letters from the Rev. A. L. Byron-Curtiss, Rome, N. Y.; F. M. Crunden, librarian of the public library, St. Louis; Garrett Droppers, president of the University of South

Dakota; Rev. George B. Gow, Glens Falls, N. Y.; George H. Shibley, Washington, D. C.; Charles F. Thayer, ex-mayor of Norwich, Conn.; Rev. Leighton Williams and H. Gaylord Wilshire, of New York, and Rufus W. Weeks, of Tarrytown.

The report of the committee on publication summarized the work of the society from its origin. In addition to the pamphlets mentioned, a fourth pamphlet, "The Socialism of Jesus," by Discipulus, was issued in March, 1903. Ten thousand copies of this were printed, and some 5,500 have so far been distributed. Of the commendatory circulars 55,000 copies in all have been printed, and about 41,000 distributed. Comments on the pamphlets were invited, and the request brought in 1,012 responses. Of responses of all kinds relating to the society's printed matter there have been 3,719, and of these 2,547 were from ministers, 58 from physicians, 46 from college professors and 1,068 from other persons. The results of circularizing physicians and Catholic priests were discouraging.

The financial report disclosed an expenditure of \$1,530 for the year. The membership now comprises 46 full members and 34 associates living in various parts of the country.

The election committee reported the election of Willis J. Abbot, Peter E. Burrowes, Rev. Owen R. Lovejoy, Mrs. Darwin J. Meserole

and Rev. Leighton Williams as executive committeemen of the class whose terms begin January, 1904.

THE SPEECHES.

Mr. Peter E. Burrowes read an address on "The Calamity of a Divided Interest." [See page 13.]

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman was next introduced. She said in part:

All human rights are social rights. Man has a lot of things belonging to him in the sense that he cannot be himself without them, although they do not grow on him. A good many things grow on him, concerning which there is no question of property rights. As to the lower animals, they carry everything they own, and no one can take anything away; but man has a lot of things that do not grow on him, but which he must have in order to be a useful and successful human creature. The work he has to do with his hands is for society. It is a social function. He cannot perform his social function without certain implements or tools. They cannot be attached to him physically, they have to be separate and distinct. They have to be attached to him by a social relation. Society must insure to the individual those things which are necessary for him in order that he may perform his full due to society. For instance, a carpenter is a man with a certain amount of special skill in his head, and a certain number of special tools in his hands. If he has not the skill or the tools he is not a carpenter. Every man has a right to those things which are necessary to him in order that he may do his best work—a very large and generous supply of such

things. Whatever the things may be he has a right to them, for the simple reason that his best work is what he is created for and what enables him to secure his place in the world. His only use to society is in his *best* work.

This subject of property rights, to my mind, rests on the things used or consumed: the right of ownership is in the things you consume. You have a right to own your food, clothes or tools, but that is the very end of it—you have a right to what you consume, but not to what you produce. That which is produced belongs to the other people.

The chairman (the Rev. Mr. Lovejoy) then spoke briefly of the good work of the society and urged upon those present to join in efforts to extend its membership and usefulness.

Mr. Joseph R. Buchanan was next introduced. He declared that although he had been for many years a socialist, he differed from the partisans in the movement in regard to tactics. Among other things he said:

I started in this movement as a simple trade unionist. I was active in the cause during the crucial period of the labor movement in the decade between '78 and '88—ten years. I believe in the organization of workingmen for the purpose of compelling a recognition of their rights. Naturally—I say “naturally,” and I know socialists will agree with me—as I progressed in that work I imbibed the principles of socialism, for I studied the relations existing between employers and employees, and I could see no solution, and I can see no solution now, of what we know as the labor question, except through socialism. I differ, probably, from some

of you, and probably from our friend who read such an interesting paper this evening, as to the methods to be employed, and I have differed all through my career. That has laid me open frequently to the charge of, let me say—to use a mild word—inconsistency. I believed, and I believe now, that the reform movement, the labor movement and the socialist movement should seize the opportunities at hand. I am, therefore, what is known as “a-step-at-a-time” socialist, and I am an opportunist. * * * I am getting along in years; I have suffered a little in this cause, but I would like to see something accomplished before I go, and I believe no greater good can be done for the socialist cause than to accomplish something practical along the lines of socialism. If I could get one instance of government ownership of telegraphs or railways I would take it rather than to stand back and say, “I want the whole hog or nothing.”

Mr. Eltwed Pomeroy, the last speaker, said in part:

Democracy's first meaning is political brotherhood and equality; even this we have not yet made a reality, but we are going to carry it by means of establishing direct legislation. Through that, democracy is going to be carried on into our economic and financial life. * * * Economic democracy would mean the fair opportunity for each man to develop his gift of usefulness, whatever it is; for in all the diversity of gifts among men there is a kind of equality. Almost every man surpasses in some one point. For the ground of financial equality we must hold, with Bellamy, that if one gives an equality of effort, no matter what his gift may happen to be, he is entitled to an equality of reward. In its final sense, then, socialism means

the carrying forward of brotherhood, of equality, of democracy, into and throughout politics, into and throughout society and into and throughout industrial life.

W. J. G.

Brotherhood.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star, is Brotherhood.
For it will bring again to Earth
Her long lost poesy and mirth—
Will send new light on every face,
A kingly power upon the race;
And till it comes we men are slaves,
And travel downward to the dust of graves.

Come, clear the way then, clear the way;
Blind creeds and kings have had their day.
Break the dead branches from the path;
Our hope is in the aftermath—
Our hope is in heroic men,
Star-led, to build the world again.
To this event the ages ran:
Make way for Brotherhood—make way
for man.

Mr. Burrowes's Essays.

REVOLUTIONARY ESSAYS IN SOCIALIST FAITH AND FANCY. By Peter E. Burrowes. New York: The Comrade Publishing Company.

The Rev. J. Stitt Wilson says: "If you intend to read only one book this year, let it be 'Burrowes's book'"; and the advice is not half bad. Burrowes takes his spiritual lineage in part from the prophets of Israel and in part from the thinkers of ancient Greece. The portrait with which the volume so pleasantly opens shows us the benign lover of wisdom who appears throughout its pages. The volume contains, I must admit, one slight feature which many will object to, but no reader should let this interfere with his hospitable reception of the author and the treasures he brings.

Burrowes has a philosophy of his own, a sort of social mysticism, summing up the spiritual meanings of the working class movement, and tracing the union between these and the meaning of the march of the universe. It is a wholesome and cheerful faith, and in the last analysis is, as I see it, identical with essential Christianity as expressed in the two great commandments. This philosophy is not systematically stated in these essays, but is suggested

here and there, mixed with practical interpretations of the events of our time and with the clearest calls to action.

The book is not to be read hastily, but should be the companion of many days; so many lines of thought are started which the reader ought to continue by himself. Occasionally, too, the meaning of a passage is not clear at the first reading, but a second or a third reading solves the problem, and we always find that the meat was worth the cracking of the nut.

DISCIPULUS.

Mr. Burrowes's book contains over 300 pages. It will be sent by the Collectivist Society, post paid, on receipt of \$1.

Announcement.

Mr. W. J. Ghent, a member of our Executive Committee and of our Publication Committee, and the author of "Our Benevolent Feudalism," will publish in the fall a new work, entitled "Mass and Class: A Survey of Social Divisions." It will present an examination of present industrial society in the light of the economic interpretation of history, with its corollary of the class struggle. Mr. Ghent has been engaged on this work for many months, and the greater part of it has been several times rewritten. It is expected to be published about September 15.

A Socialist Minister's Letter.

The following is an extract from a letter of the Rev. A. L. Byron-Curtiss, of Rome, N. Y., to a member of the Executive Committee:

I have not remained stationary in my knowledge, practice and belief in the cause so dear to the hearts of both of us. I believe Kirkup's book was the first standard work I had read on the subject of socialism; since then I have obtained and read many books on the subject of economics called socialism, including Hillquit's new book and Marx's "Das Kapital." It is needless to say that I am more than ever convinced of the absolute necessity of the co-operative commonwealth's inauguration to prevent the extinction of the human family by a method akin to hell in its character, viz., competition. This may sound "strong," but after a year's calm study of the whole matter, intensified by ten years' life among the "poor," where I saw the results of competition at first hand, I can only conceive such to be the character of the past and present phases of our social order.

Strange to say, however, my profound belief in collectivism acts like oil on the troubled waters, and I am calmer, happier and more serene than I used to be when I saw the glaring injustices of life and no remedy.

I have had no trouble with my brethren, the clergy, since the cyclone of over a year ago. They

have come to respect my position, I think, and secretly in their hearts know I am right. Some have acknowledged as much to me.

I keep up my membership and activity in the Socialist Party. It will interest you, I know, to learn that I have been elected a delegate to the convention at Chicago and (D. V.) will attend. My beloved bishop in connection with this wrote me as follows: "I hope by all means you will attend and that throughout the whole convention. Study the movement, the leaders, the men. 'Other disciples I have not of this fold.'" Very like the grand man he is!

How to Help.

Readers of this pamphlet who approve the aims and methods of the Collectivist Society and who desire to aid in the work can do so by any or all of the following means:

By subscribing to the Publication Fund. Any donation, however small, will help in the production and dissemination of printed matter.

By purchasing pamphlets and distributing them to persons willing to read.

By sending us names of persons interested or likely to become interested in economic questions.

By joining the society, either as members or associates. Anyone who accepts the belief and pledge printed on another page may become a member, and anyone who agrees in a general way with the methods and aims of the society may become an associate. Dues, for either member or associate, \$1 yearly.

The Selling State.

BY PETER E. BURROWES.

A babe, they brought me to the holy place,
An empty handed little wight was I;
And no one grudged to give me right of grace,
Though having nothing but a smile, a cry.
Free water there they sprinkled on my face
And spirit strength unto my need engaged.
The selling state touched not as yet my case,
For me not yet the wolves of profit waged.
Not yet by dimes my little life was sized.
The race defended still its babe baptized.

At six the merchants said I was "a hand,"
A soul no more, but just a working thing;
And on the market subject to demand
I took my place as labor, hungering.
O sovereign manhood of the human breed,
Poor little me why let ye to the marts?
What great compulsion of this century's need
Must break my little days to pricing parts?
This is my message, be it advertised:
The selling state hath never been baptized.

What evil is not germed in art of trade?
From whence but here comes every human thrall?
Would you find out where freedom was betrayed?
Feel back along your chains you'll touch this
wall.

'Tis conquest only that gives market price.
Supply, demand, are but the way we spell
Captivity and labor's sacrifice
Upon the faggots of the traders' hell.
Go, let this truth to all be advertised:
The selling state hath never been baptized.

